

The World.

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OVER-STRENUOUS.

With one cheek swollen and one eye nearly closed, President Roosevelt has started on his Southern trip regardless of the risks of cold or other complications resulting from his Pittsfield experience.

It is now stated that he expects to go to Colorado to repeat his lion-hunting adventures in the mountains, and the people are beginning to wonder whether the nation at large has any vested rights in the question of taking care of the President's life.

The President is certainly something more than an individual citizen. His office carries with it the gravest responsibilities. He cannot ignore the public interests which depend on his welfare and safety. In accepting the Presidency he accepted the responsibility of avoiding every unnecessary risk to his life. If lion-hunting is at all dangerous President Roosevelt has no right to expose himself to its dangers. If it is not dangerous it is a cruel and barbarous sport and without a slight flavor of the ridiculous.

We may add that it is a common remark that the people would like to have the President show more dignity.

Solved at Last.—The old problem as to the result of an irresistible body meeting an impenetrable body has at last been solved by the encounter between our fleets and our forts. Both won.

A PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR.

Undismayed by the absence of any signs supporting his prediction of the ending of the strike, Senator Platt continues to predict it. We believe that the prophets who fix a date for the ending of the world are never disconcerted by the proof of an error in their calculations.

On the other hand, the officials of the coal-carrying roads, who are better hands than Mr. Platt in the prophecy business, on the principle "never prophesy unless you know," repudiate the Platt prediction, declare that he has prolonged the strike by starting false hopes of a settlement, and assert that there will be no settlement "because there is nothing to settle."

The opinion of the operators is entitled to weight. They have defied the miners and the public, have silenced the Civic Federation, have called the bluff of the Governor and Senators of Pennsylvania; they have the backing of Morgan and have nothing to fear from Roosevelt. They know whether there will be a settlement or not. It has settled down to a test of endurance between the strikers and the operators with the heaviest consequences falling on the public.

Promises and Performance.—The people of New York must not be asked to believe that the transfer of five police captains "for the good of the service" is intended as a fulfillment of all campaign promises.

THE CHILDREN'S COURT.

The little procession across "the bridge" before the Magistrate in the Children's Court is pathetic. Boys of ten plating up in childish treble to confess to men's sins, a girl of eleven relating how she stabbed her juvenile rival, little Oliver Twists telling of troubles that to them seem persecution. It is the old drama on a new stage, a replica in miniature of other police courts.

It is a court that more than others of its rank needs an experienced judge. Many of the children brought before him have just taken the easy but costly first step in crime. Punishment is not the main thing. To have the boy on the right road at twenty who sins at ten is the problem, and a great one. We have made a great advance over other generations in dealing with it—a tremendous advance beyond the barbarities of the workhouses and prison-like homes for delinquent children which disgraced England when Dickens wrote. The new court in the old Charities Building is the best municipal institution of the year in New York.

Truth at Last.—For once the public believes that the rival spouters in the Ninth District tell the truth—in speaking of each other.

THE BATTLE OF NEWPORT.

Grim war has never assumed so agreeable a mien as in the battle of Newport. No wrinkled front there, but a look such as Mars may have put on in contemplating Venus. A beautiful pyrotechnic spectacle, a Pain's bombardment, guns roaring, ships like sheets of flame—and society looking on from a parquet circle. "Among those present," we read, "at the afternoon battle were Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Grand Duke Boris, Earl of T. Gerry, Count De La Borde, Mrs. James P. Kernochan, Count Cassini, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lehr and many others." Sebastopol or Alexandria was as nothing to it. There must have been a smile on the bronze face of the old hero of the battle of Lake Erie in the Newport Square.

To do their deeds of valor under society's very eyes has been an eminent piece of good fortune for the naval officers. No lights hid under a bushel there, but spectacular publicity. It has been social Santiago with glory and invitations enough to go around and recognition from the smiling eyes of wealth's fairest daughters, need enough for any valiant sailorman.

WOMEN'S RACING STABLES.

Following the successful example of "Mr. Roslyn" "Mr. Avondale" has started a racing stable. "Mr. Avondale" is Mrs. Fleischmann, wife of the Mayor of Cincinnati. She has begun with two fillies, which after a winter's training, will be entered at Morris Park. A modest beginning. But if a colt like Irish Lad could win the Saratoga Special and a colt like Savable the Futurity it is not unreasonable, she thinks, to expect a good performance by a filly. This is the feminine era.

The advent of women on the turf is interesting. It is not wholly a novelty. Sporting duchesses and actresses have tried it as they have tried cigarettes. But for American ladies it is a hazard of new fortunes. Is it a camel poking a nose under the tent? If the practice develops into a fad and the fair ones go the whole gait we may look for them in the paddock and betting ring as well as in the stable. Who will be the first feminine "Pittsburg Phil"? Who will be the John W. Gates to "do" the bookmakers to the tune of a quarter of a million? Who will be the Joe Ullman of feminine bookmakers? The possibilities are immense. If another decade sees a full evolution and extension of woman's personal interest in horse racing we may see a horsey daughter in every household.

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

UNRECORDED HISTORY.

Hannibal reached the top of the far-famed mountain. Standing on the loftiest peak, he contemptuously exclaimed: "Alps? There are no Alps. We'll just call this place Hannibal's Golf Grounds." Forthwith he stationed several caddies at the base of the hills to charge 10 centesime admission, and resumed his work of conquest.

RIVALS.

Cholly (newly arrived at Newport)—Hello, Algy, I hear you are the greatest backguard in Newport.
Algy—Well, Cholly, I hope you haven't come to take my character away.

HO! FOR THE EXECUTIONER!

Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII. were having their first quarrel.
"You seem to think you own the house," sneered the King.
"Well, I know I can have the block whenever I want it," retorted the Queen.
Hereupon Henry declared he would axe her pardon, and matters were for the time being smoothed over.

BORROWED JOKES.

APPROPRIATE.

Mrs. Sharpe—They call the bell boy in the hotel "Buttons," I believe. I wonder why.
Mr. Sharpe—Probably because he's always off when you need him most.—Philadelphia Press.

BUSINESS.

"See that man going along with a bald head and a beard?" said the man in the door of the barber shop. "He's got a great head for business."
"It's a mighty poor one for my business," replied the tonsorial artist.—Yonkers Statesman.

MORE CREDIT FOR HIM.

"Of course, the man who can say 'no' deserves a lot of credit, but there's another who deserves still more."
"Who is he?"
"The man who can say 'I don't know.'"—Detroit Free Press.

REMEDY FOR WRINKLES.

Managing Editor—Well, what's the trouble?
Assistant—The beauty editor is away and a woman writes to know what to do with a wrinkle in her forehead.
Managing Editor—Tell her to putty it up and forget it.—Detroit Free Press.

SOMEBODIES.

CARNEGIE, ANDREW—has purchased from the Duke of Westminster a building site in London, on Park Lane, where he will erect a \$5,000,000 house.

HOURIET, HENRI—a Swiss watchmaker, has recently completed a watch made entirely out of the ivory taken from a billiard ball—works and case complete. It keeps good time.

JENKS, PROF.—who was sent to the Orient by the Secretary of War to investigate the question of currency, &c., in the Philippines, says he is convinced that the use of gold as a standard of value is the only solution.

MORSE, DR. N. C.—President of the Iowa Association of Railway Surgeons, is the heaviest physician in America, weighing 325 pounds.

MY PROMPTER.

"Now sing," commands my little son,
As he creeps up in my lap
And nestles his head upon my breast.
Prepared for a "wood, long nap."
"Now sing me sumfin nice," he pleads.
As his rosy lips meet mine.
"What shall I sing, my little lad?"
"Oh, tails in a waggin' ahine."
"Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep."
So off the tale I've told.
I can but wish those erstwhile lambs
Had never left the fold.
My thought's go straying as the sheep.
I merely hum the line;
My little son as prompter says,
"Wif tails in a waggin' ahine."
Over again I sing the words
Of the sheep from Bo Peep
Feeling;
Drooping lids close softly down
As she "dreams she heard them bleating."
Kiss the eyes as I lay him down,
My precious boy, so fine;
The white lids quiver—he murmurs low,
"Wiv-tails—waggin'—hine."
—Marie Nelson Lee.

THE LOBSTER TURNS AT LAST.



"A lobster" in Virginia is a term of detestation. Down there they put a man in jail Who hurls the appellation.

Which makes the Northern homarous To feel a solemn sob stir Because so many times he's heard Himself declared "a lobster."

HE LEFT.



The Roamer—Would this town welcome a wandering minstrel? Amber Pete—Well, that would depend on how soon he wandered.

USEFUL.



Algy—Ain't these big panamas fine, old chap?
Bertie—Yes, indeed! My tailor doesn't see me at all when I pass him with my head down, old boy!

DISCOVERED.



Mr. Chatterly—Mayn't I help you feed peanuts to the monkeys?
Elsie—No, thank you. I'm afraid you'd eat the peanuts all up yourself.

FIRST LESSONS.



Fond Mother—Yes, Giovanna will soon be big enough to go out with the organ.

WHAT HE COULD TELL.



"Can you tell fortunes with cards?" she asked.
"No," he replied, "but if you will let me hold your hand a minute I can tell you whether you are about to receive a proposal of marriage from a man who is about as tall as I am and—"
"Oh, how jolly. There it is."

ALL THE GO.



Friend—Say, what is that thing round your neck?
Miss Mooley—Oh, it's one of those fashionable stocks the girls are all wearing now.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

You Have It All.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
You published a conundrum last winter: "What is it that won't go up a chimney up, but will go down a chimney down?" Answer, "Umbrella." Were there any more words in the conundrum?

The Civil Service Trust.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Have we in the United States a civil service organization supported by officeholders to retain them in positions for life? If so let the American people wake up and abolish it, for it is a sham and a humbug. The cost of a civil service examination to a poor man is one day

lost from work (\$2 or more), \$1 for doctor's examination, 25 cents for notary fee, and this is a free country. Let us rise up and down this civil service trust!

SAMUEL MARKS,
No. 42 Catharine street.
Eight to Ten.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
How many hours should a person sleep?

Still Held by Bank for Claimants.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will you be good enough to inform me what becomes of a savings bank account whereon no deposit or draw has been made for twenty years continuously and where there is no claimant? Does it go to the State in default of

heirs, payable through the Public Administrator? I know the interest ceases.

EDWARD W. BABCOCK.

Who Can Answer?

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A finds \$5 in B's store on the floor. A says if the owner is not found it belongs to him. B says it belongs to him, as he pays rent for the store. Which is right?

J. B. STEPHENS.

Praise of the Panama.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Kindly tell me why there is such a kick being raised by silly people about the Panama hat. I know a young man who looks just beautiful in a Panama hat. Why don't girls wear Panama hats? They would look fine in them. On

a hot Sunday afternoon on Riverside Drive one would save girls the expense of a parasol and her young man the trouble of carrying it. I don't care what anybody says, girls ought to wear Panama hats.

KIDDY WILL.

A Feet Yet Unaccomplished.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A bet B that a person by the name of Campbell swam the upper rapids at Niagara and came out alive, about 1500 or thereabouts.

C. W.

A New Prayer.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Oh, Lord, when after a day of strife, As we are beginning to tire of life, We trust ourselves to Thy loving care And sleep ever so sweetly after that little prayer.

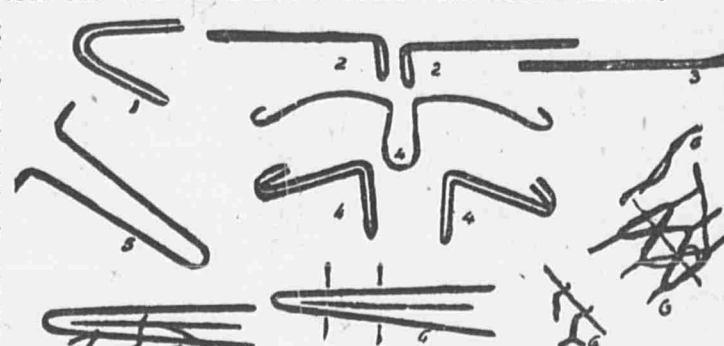
NETA BYK, aged fifteen.

ODDITY CORNER.

THE HAIRPIN AS A SURGICAL INSTRUMENT.

In a serious article on "The Surgical Uses of the Hairpin," Dr. J. Torrance Rugh, of Philadelphia, shows in American Medicine that this article of the feminine toilet may in an emergency be of great aid to the surgeon, easing pain or even saving life. Dr. Rugh writes: "Because of its almost universal presence this small article lends itself to many purposes, and he who remembers some of the practical ones will not infrequently have at hand the means of dealing with an emergency which otherwise might result disastrously. In a household one has but to ask for a hairpin and he is supplied with it; still, it will be found advantageous to carry some of them in one's pocket or instrument case at all times. Its chief points of usefulness are: Its almost universal presence, its ease of sterilization, convenience of size, adaptability to any desired shape by bending or twisting, and its cheapness. After being once used, especially if used in an infectious or contagious case, it may be thrown away, or by being passed through a flame it may be rendered safely sterile."

The hairpin, Dr. Rugh says, may be used either in its natural shape or bent into special forms. In the former condition it may serve to pin on bandages, to remove foreign bodies from any natural passage, as a curette for scraping away soft material, to compress a blood vessel in controlling hemorrhage, as shown in the figure, or to close a wound, as illustrated in the same;



and, finally, as a substitute for calipers. Straightened out, the hairpin may be used as a probe (in which manner it has probably been employed in surgical emergencies more frequently than in any other way); to wire bones together in fracture; in actual cautery, when heated to redness in a flame, and in many other ways.

Bent or twisted in the various ways shown in the illustration, it also does service as a nasal speculum (1), as a retractor for a wound (2), as a surgical needle (3), in tracheotomy (4) to maintain an opening until the proper tube can be obtained, instead of a drainage tube (5), or to bring the edges of a wound together in various way (6). Dr. Rugh closes by saying:

"It is not to be expected that any one surgeon will ever employ the hairpin in all the ways mentioned, but if he bears in mind its omnipresence and the range of its utility he will find himself better equipped to deal with accidents and emergencies of various kinds than he would otherwise be."

BIG BALLOON.

The biggest balloon ever made was by a German named Ganswendt, about twenty years ago. Its capacity was 20,000 cubic yards. It weighed 21-2 tons and would raise 51-2 tons into the air.

THE RHONE.

In its upper reaches the River Rhone has risen a yard in one day. In the Vaud canton the snakes which have been driven from their holes by the floods are so numerous as to constitute a plague.

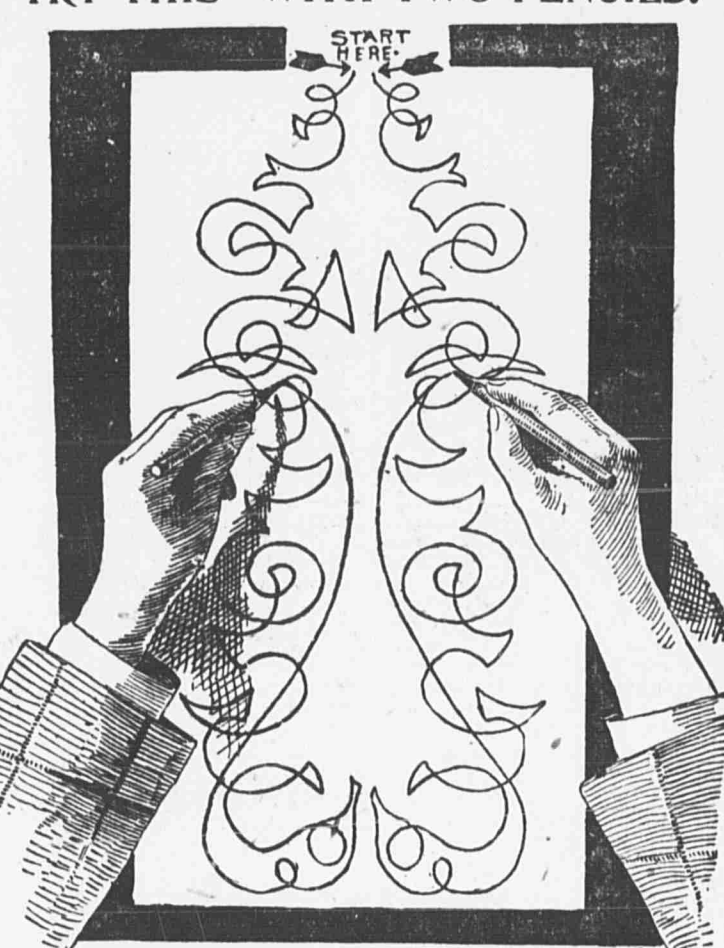
SNAILS.

Great numbers of snails invaded the railway at Lau-ris-Rosas, and made the lines so slippery as to stop a train, the wheels of the engine being unable to bite the metals.

ODD FIRM.

A firm is doing business in Washington street, Buffalo, under the name of English & Irish. Still more odd is the fact that English is an Irishman and Irish is of English parentage.

TRY THIS—WITH TWO PENCILS.



Have you ever noticed that if you take a pencil in each hand and start to draw with both pencils that the left hand will unconsciously duplicate the movements of the right hand. Try it. The scroll work in the above illustration was executed in this way. With a little practice beautiful designs can be drawn in this manner.

THE RIGHT KIND OF GENTLEMAN.

She really intended paying her fare when she boarded the bus, for she had a threepenny bit saved from the bargain sale scrapbook, says the Scotsman, but the conductor happened to be a gentleman, and by paying the fare himself saved her a weary walk to the family residence. She had the threepenny bit with her when she boarded the car, and she still had the money when the conductor came through on his trip for fares, but she did not pay the conductor. It was all the driver's fault. With her arms full of bundles, she was compelled to hold the threepenny bit between her teeth. The horses started suddenly, the car gave a jerk, and she gave a start.
"Fare, please," said the conductor, and she turned pale. "I can't pay you," she stammered, going from white to red and from red back to white.
"But I can't carry you for nothing," remonstrated the conductor.
"I know it, but I can't help it. I had the money when I got on the car, but I swallowed it."
A rough on the other side of the car snorted a rude laugh, but the conductor was a gentleman, and without another word he rang his bell for another fare and passed on.

BUMBO—GAEKWAR OF BARODA.

Our London correspondent notes that the Gaekwar of Baroda has a sword whose jewelled ornaments are worth \$1,000,000. It is not more glorious than the liting music of the Gaekwar's high name, however.—From the Morning World.

You have heard of the Kalmur of Ghosh, With his villa up on the Nosh; Of the versatile Akhound of Swat, And of the terrible troubles of Lot; Of Rhoda—sweet Rhoda in her pagoda; But never of Bumbo, Gaekwar of Baroda!

Now Bumbo rules a country, way up in Hindostan, Where sapphires grow upon the trees, Where rubies float in every breeze, And diamonds are as plentiful as plains chockful of sand.

'Tis there that Bumbo, Gaekwar of Baroda, Has built himself a gorgeous new pagoda. Its walls blaze forth with every sort of gem. That's fit to top an emperor's diadem; And in its central court there is a soda Fountain, that Bumbo says is his own "Hoda."

Now a "Hoda" is a soda-water bound to 'em corrode a Liver of a prince as great as Bumbo of Baroda; And so when Bumbo, with a load, a soda sees in his pagoda, He knows a "Hoda" is the essence for the Boss of all Baroda! WILLIAM T. MACINTYRE.

A NECKLACE OF MONEY.



In New Pomerania shells and dried snails are used instead of money, and those natives who are fortunate enough to have a sufficient quantity string them together and wear them around their necks. The more shells and snails a person has the longer the necklace is, and a necklace of this kind is a rather striking ornament. It naturally follows that the wealthiest natives have the longest necklaces. The fellow in the picture may be a millionaire.

TWO AUTOGRAPHS

Autograph of King Edward, as he wrote it when Prince of Wales.
Autograph of Queen Alexandra.